

The Pocahontas Times.

If thou would'st read a lesson that will keep Thy heart from fainting and thy soul from sleep, Go to the woods and hills.—Longfellow.

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Marlinton, Pocahontas County, West Virginia, June 19, 1902

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DR. O. J. CAMPBELL,
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Will visit Pocahontas county at
least twice a year. The exact date
of his visit will appear in this
paper.

DR. M. STOUT,
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business in the Bank of Marlinton
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HENRY A. SLAVEN,
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Maps and Blue Prints a specialty.
Work in Pocahontas County solicited.

WOODS AND WATER

Sportsmen are Invited to Join us in Tal-
ling a Tale For this Column
Now and Then.

A DAY IN A BOY'S LIFE: THE AFTERNOON

The Young American Ends a Busy
Day by Killing a Comrade, Hides
the Body and Goes to Bed with a
Guilty Conscience.

After John the Bad had lined
sumptuously on the bullfrog which
he had outwitted, he resumed his
fishing. The morning had been
so fully taken up that he had got
very little fishing done. Nor was
he destined to pursue the sport
very long in the afternoon. The
rest of the gang soon gathered
and proposed that they go in
swimming. Clothes were removed
in a quarter of a minute, and
the little naked forms plunged into
the nearest pool.

A maiden lady lived near the
stream, and she had constantly
been annoyed by the town boys'
custom of disrobing and dropping
into the water whenever and where
ever the notion struck them, irre-
spective of observers.

The boys saw the window shade
pulled down, and presently the old
maid's hired man came down to
notify the boys not to bathe so
close to this chaste abode.

"Aw, tell her to look the other
way!" shouted John, and the hired
man went back and told the lady
that the boys would do so no
more.

The gang got into their clothes
presently, and lay on the sand en-
joying the languor that comes
from a bath in cold water.

Presently they noticed that the
hogs from the mill had come down
and squeezed through the water-
gap into the meadow. There were
a half-a-dozen big hogs, and this
was a daily occurrence.

Whenever they came into this
particular meadow they became the
lawful prey of the gang. The
creek meandered through the pas-
ture close to one side. At the foot
of the big cottonwood tree there
was a deep, blue pool, and the
fence was not a rod away.

A boy was stationed at this gap
and the hogs corralled above and
driven down. When they ap-
proached this gap the boy would
show himself, and being between
the forces, the hogs would plunge
over the bank into the deep water
and swim ashore. This was re-
peated time and again, until the
boys or hogs tired of the sport.

On this occasion Dick was sta-
tioned in the gap and the rest of
the boys rounded up the hogs. Just
as the hogs were being driven
down, Dick's ma appeared on the
edge of the meadow and waved a
switch at Dick and told him to
come. Dick burst into tears and
went home to complete some un-
finished business, leaving the gap
unguarded.

The boys thought to see the
hogs pass on down the creek and
escape at the lower end, but when
the leader came to the place where
small boy bar their way with a
club, they turned as they had been
trained, and each took the dive in
the usual way.

After a time the boys trail off
until there were but three: left in
the meadow. John, Henry, and the
little boy from the country who
had come in with his ma to spend
the day. His name was Frank.

The afternoon waned, and John
saw that he would have to apply
himself to his daily avocation, if he
expected to get enough minnows
for cat-bait that night.

At this time the three boys had
willow switches and were engaged
in the delightful pastime known as
"lap-jacket," the object of which
is to see which can take the most
punishment. Two boys stand to
each other and larrup each other
around the legs with willow switches
until one or the other cries
hold, enough. In this way boy
children glory in punishment which
if given by parental hand would
cause the parent to be indicted by
the grand jury.

As they were playing they found
some rotten poles, the wood of
which was so soft and decayed that
the slightest blow would shatter a
club into a thousand pieces. They
amused themselves then, by biff-
ing each other over the head with
clubs broken from this wood, and
enjoyed seeing the fragments of
wood fly. John got a club that
was not so rotten as the ones they
had been using, and when he hit
Frank over the head with it that
poor little boy fell as though he
had been struck by lightning.

What was worse he did not get
up again and the boys concluded
they had killed him. After debat-
ing what they would do they de-
cided to conceal the body and go
off and say nothing about it. They
dragged the body if their murder-
ed comrade to the foot a big willow
and stuffed it in between the
tree and a water gate. They then
covered it with some bushes, and
after many "crossing their hearts"
and swearing "upon their honor"
not to tell anything about it, they
separated. Harry went home and
surprised his family by cutting
wood and making himself general-
ly useful.

His mother called his father's
attention to the fact and declared
that her son would be a credit to
her yet. Harry's father, how-
ever suspected that he had got in-
to a scrape, but he said nothing.

John had taken his fishing pole
and catching some minnows had
one down the creek to set his
line for eels.

In the mean time Frank's moth-
er had gotten ready to go home,
and could not find her boy. There
were no boys at the place where
he was visiting and Frank had
been consorting with the boys in
the town. She was about to raise
a hue and cry for him when a nei-
ghbor told her she had seen Frank
riding home in his father's wagon.

He then went home and found he
had not arrived, it being another
day about Frank's age who had rid-
den with her husband in the wagon.
He was a little uneasy but did not
end back for Frank until after sup-
per. After supper the hired man
took a horse to go into town after
rank.

About dark, Frank, who had
been stunned by the blow, came to,
hrew off the brush and got up.
He felt able to walk and though
he thought being buried alive un-
der a bush a little unusual, he re-
membered that anything is liable
to happen to a man in town.

He struck out for home like a
scared rabbit and met the hired
man coming for him. He got
some and after supper felt not bad
effects from his experience.

The murderers had a bad night
and their guilty consciences drew
him back to the place where the
body lay early next morning. They
approached the place cautiously
and peering into the retreat where
they had hid the body found it
gone.

This was in keeping with the
cases in the kind of literature they
read, and they knew the ymst
simply keep dark and wait de-
velopments. The next day was Sat-
urday and they took their cat-
chisms and wended their way to
church. There sitting in his Sun-
day school class was Frank, look-
ing no worse for his day in town.

Those two boys enjoyed the ser-
vices for once, and a great load
was lifted from their minds.

As well as the writer's recollec-
tion serves him it was about the
last week in September, 1845, when
his occurrence took place, near
the spot now occupied by the
home of S. L. Brown, Clerk of
Pocahontas County.

The then Governor of the Mar-
linton premises, by way of furnishing
his half-grown son a little re-
creation and rest after a somewhat
hard day's work cutting corn, sug-
gested in a rather commanding
voice that he drive a sow and pigs
and some killing shoats to the Ley-
den Bottom and turn them in upon
the oats stubble, so as to start
them in fattening; and be that much
grain. Thereupon bullets were
mouled and the little rifle taken
down from the rack. Fragments
of that gun are still in evidence
among Norman Price's large col-
lection of curios.

The conventional call was made
for the sow and her retinue. The
boy would yell "Piggee," the
points of the compass from the
mountain sides overlooking Mar-
lins Bottom would echo "piggee."

The drove of swine thereupon
promptly gathered at the feeding
place, and from thence tolled to
the oats stubble.

After some persuasion and con-
siderable driving, the drove was
in due time duly put through the
gap and left to luxuriate in grass,
weeds, and stubble at will, and
have an outing besides, until time
to pen for killing time.

The writer is sometimes inclined
to moralize on the specially
kind treatment these piggies re-
ceived over others. And when
the query rises why was it that
these were treated with such a
special favor, the inevitable an-
swers recurs, it was that they might
be killed. Now when I read the
Psalmist's question, "Wherefore do
the wicked prosper? It is that
they may be destroyed forever;"
that Leyden stubble-field with its
luxuriating and well satisfied oc-
cupants comes to mind.

It also occurs to his mind that
those left out of the field had no
good reason to complain of their
treatment, and go to rooting and
trying to get in, or hang around
the fence complaining of their be-
ing neglected and left to shift out-
side, with loud grunts and pitiful
squealing. Neither had those
within the enclosure any good reason
to be vain, pompous, and re-
garded with disdain their poor kin
outside the fence. Oh why should
the spirit of such piggies be proud
of what means in the end their be-
ing slaughtered.

But for fear the reader may tire
of this as not being the kind of
reading he was looking for, let me
proceed.

It was about sunset when I had
gotten as far back towards home
as the crest of the bluff, near where
the McLaughlin Hotel now stands,
and my attention was arrested by
some cows and young cattle that
had been ranging on the top of
Marlins Mountain, rushing down
the point near what is now Bird's
Hotel, reaching the low ground,
then in forest, panting and blow-
ing from fright. Soon after a
gang of sheep appeared, vizzaging

down the point, rushing first one
way and then another, as if some-
thing was trying to drive them in-
to the curve the fence made at the
foot of the point near where the
Methodist church stands.

I was accompanied by Jimmy
Price and his dog Neptune, and
was watching the movements of
the sheep to see what they meant
by such zizzag capers. As I was
coming slowly along the road to
about where the Band stand is, a
very large bear came in view to
head off the sheep, and was in the
act of driving them down and have
them cornered in the curve. The
rock still remains near which he
stood and looked at Jimmy and
the young foolish dog. He never
seemed to take any notice of me,
as I tried to keep a tree between
myself and him.

While bruin's attention was thus
wanted, and peering around saw
that his whole side was in fair view
and not more than seventy or
eighty yards away in a straight
line. Strange as it may seem
even to myself, I never was more
calm or collected or more delib-
erate about anything, though it was
the first bear I had ever seen out-
side of the picture books. I have
been more nervously agitated be-
fore and since, shooting at squir-
rels and ground-hogs, but I was
conscious of when preparing to
shoot at that huge beast in the
glimmer of the September twilight.

I aimed just behind the shoulder
and when the gun cracked he bit
at his side viciously, turned at
once, and ambled slowly up the
mountain side, in a different direc-
tion from the way he had been
coming down.

Jim started the young dog,
and he followed the trail a few
minutes, when strange noises, said
as the groans of a human being,
were heard, and soon after a
greatly frightened young dog
came down the ridge at headlong
speed.

It was now fast growing too late
and dark to follow the trail, and so
pursuit was deferred until the fol-
lowing morning.

During the night there was a
terrific storm of wind, rain, thun-
der, and lightning, and so not a
trace could be seen when I return-
ed to the spot at an early hour the
next day.

While I was thus occupied in
looking for signs, "John Harry
Moffett," long clerk of both courts
of Pocahontas County and a vet-
eran hunter besides, rode up.

What he did not know about
bears I was fully of the opinion
was not worth knowing, and so I
gave him a detailed account of the
occurrence, as he sat on his horse
and reconitered the relative posi-
tions of the parties at the moment
the shooting was done.

He seemed to think that if the
bear had been hit, the wound
could not be a fatal one. The gun
was too small in calibre to do any-
thing more than tickle the creature
and so the noises I heard must
have been from the tickling the
little gun had given him when he
was not looking for it.

The night storm, no visible tril,
Uncle Harry's ideas of tickling,
and living too under a government
that regarded work more impor-
tant than following up an urased
bear sign, I accepted the situation,
resumed the corn cutter, and for-
got the incident, so far as I could.

About a week afterwards ravens
and buzzards were numerous about
what was known to be a dense
laurel brake about a mile or so
from where the shooting was done,
and in the direction the bear was
going when last seen, and the con-
clusion was that bear or some-
thing else was the attraction for
the birds mentioned. When per-
mission was asked of the governor
to go and see and be certain as to
the reason of all this gathering of
ravens and buzzards, it was kindly
and affectionately even refused, for
the reasons it might turn out to
be a deer, a sheep, or a hog, not a
bear at all.

As it is, however, there is every
plausible reason to believe it was
the bear you shot at, and this
seems to me ought to be a great
deal more of a satisfaction than to
find it was something else, or even
if it was the bear it could be of no
possible use to you. Nothing like
as much use as the work you
could do in the time it would take
to hunt the matter up for a certain
ty. As the question stands the
evidence is all in your favor, and
so let well enough alone and think
you killed the bear anyway. If
anybody thinks differently, and
wants to prove it, let him do the
hunting and the searching, and
have the trouble for his pains and
loss of time from doing something
worth doing.

From that time to this I have
had my enjoyment in telling my
tale, and giving my reasons for
thinking that I did something in
relieving the neighbors of a shu-
p-killing, cunning bear.

Uncle Billie.

The United States Leather Co.
have optioned 10 acres at Durbin.

Several tanneries are in the air
and seem liable to alight at al-
most any point along the railroad.

Seebert is thinking of becoming
incorporated.

The C. and W. engineering out-
fit is still working between here
and the top of Stony Creek moun-
tain.

ON TO GRAFTON

An Account of the March to Grafton by the
Virginia State Volunteers, in 1861

FROM THE DIARY OF CHAS. L. CAMPBELL

The Second March to Beverly. A
Spirited Skirmish in Which Mr
Campbell's Horse is Killed.

Philippi, Thursday, May 30,
1861.—Awoke from a refreshing
sleep, though nights are cold.

Mess goes through with break-
fast, bread baking and cleaning up
a clean and orderly way.

During the day confer with Capt
Tull and others, which re-
sults in permission to join the cav-
alry. I take this step reluctantly,
as I desire to represent my county
in this peril, and to be with my
din and neighbors, but feel that I
am not stand the marching.

Capt. Sterritt readily agrees to
he change. Capt. Hull, Lt. J. S.
Gilmore, Corporal Bradshaw, with
others have been very kind gentle-
men to me.

In the afternoon A. Lightner
and myself start with the "Wild
Horse" Cavalry to Beverly, where
this company is ordered to drill
and wait for arms.

We ride on their baggage wa-
gon. They camp at Belington, we
at Mustoe's near by. A good
place to lodge—four young ladies,
all good Secessionists.

Friday, May 31.—Walk to the
top of Laurel Hill, where we wait
for the cavalry. At foot of moun-
tain stop and have talk with an old
man, who with wife and children
are by the roadside to see the
Bath Cavalry pass on its way to
Philippi. These people are for
the South heart and soul, one son
in the army.

The road is covered with flow-
ers by the hands of the young la-
dies. They were in this same spot
when we passed before. Beverly
by 1 o'clock. Dine with Lightner
at Mr Daniel's.

Saturday, June 1, 1861.—Leave
Beverly. Meet militia going into
town to drill. Messrs McNeel and
Edmonson overtake us; we ride
with them to Huttonsville, walk-
ing to Stipes for dinner, and in to
White's for the night. The old
man eyed us sharply, and took us
in when satisfied. Both old peo-
ple were very inquisitive. His
violin assisted in the entertainment.

Sunday, June 2, 1861.—On with
the journey down Cheat, to dinner
at Burner's by invitation. Stop a
while at A. Yeager's. Here our
routes separate, he crossing the
mountain by lower pathway, I on
to top of Alleghany to J. Yeager's
fir the night.

Monday, June 3, 1861.—Home
by noon. Heard of my coming.
Rest. Neighbors call.

Tuesday, June 4, 1861.—Go to
Monterey to get some equipments.
All are anxious to hear the news.
Disappointed today in not getting
a suitable horse.

Wednesday, June 5, 1861.—Sev-
eral young ladies come to do some
sewing for me, among them Miss
Given of Illinois. She talks like a
good Southerner—wishes her wes-
tern friends to be made prisoners.

June 6 and 7.—On Back Creek
looking for a horse.

Saturday, June 8.—In Monterey
The militia ordered to be in readi-
ness on Monday to go with other
troops expected here at that time.
Disaster at Philippi known.

Sunday, 9th.—At church; Mr
Kennedy preaches. Mr. Pullin
makes some remarks. Uncle Wm
F. has something to say about the
disaster. It is like a funeral pro-
cession, with all chief mourners.
Some companies arrived at Hev-
ener's tonight. Drum beats but
add to the gloom.

Monday, June 10.—Ration have
to be procured for these troops.
Expected to start today, but dis-
appointed.

Tuesday, June 11, '61.—Other
companies arrive. Colonel Chris-
tian, Moonman, and Uncle W. F.
spend the night with us.

Wednesday, June 12.—Rock-
bridge Grays encamp north of
Hevener's store. Visit the camp
with the ladies; dine with them.
They are gentlemen. Tomorrow
a start will be made.

Thursday, June 13.—Take leave
of friends again at Hevener's with
the battalion.

Friday, June 14.—Leave Yeag-
ers (top of mountain) with Dr. P.
Stop at Mrs. Slaven's for a drink
of water. Over Cheat, that moun-
tain of heights, precipices, waters,
wildernesses, all that is grand and
much that is cheating. Lunch at
the Bridge. Camp with the Green
brier Cavalry one mile from Hut-
tonsville.

This is a fine looking company
of men, and splendid mounts.

Saturday, June 15, '61.—Feed
at Huttonsville. Awagon is sent
to Beverly to the Churchville Cav-
alry, we escort it, arriving at 4 p.
m. On camp ground. At 1 a. m.
company is ordered to top of Rich
Mountain to hold the pass until ar-
tillery, now on the road from Hut-
tonsville, gets there.

Sunday, June 16th.—A part of
infantry now joins us, and all go
on to foot of mountain; infantry
stops to fortify; cavalry on to

Crane's place for a camp. My-
self and two others are sent back
to top of mountain, with instruc-
tions to let none go east without
a pass. We stay at Hart's. Be-
low us they are felling trees, and
throwing up breast-works, pitch-
ing tents, etc.

Monday, 17th.—Take five men
to camp and receive instructions
for the day.

Tuesday, June 18th.—Miss Hart
leaves home. We are troubled
about it. Will have to cook for
ourselves. Three day's rations
sent to us.

Wednesday, June 19.—Lieut. C.
comes with squad, and I go with
it to Beverly to have horse and
equipments valued. 700 eastern
Virginia troops pass Beverly for
Laurel Hill. They look tired.

Back to cavalry camp. Camp
Garnett begins to look strong, a
little bit. On picket 2 to 6.

Thursday, June 20.—All are
sleeping in camp after a long scout
one prisoner taken today.

Just one year ago participated
in the closing exercises of Lock
Willow School. The remembrance
of that day makes me sad—in some
respects that was a sad day, the
parting of friends—yet a happy
day. Today is hard camp life.

At night on picket.

Saturday, June 22.—On a scout
today, 10 miles to Middle Fork
Bridge. Tear up the flooring. No
enemy.

Sunday, 23d.—Breakfast at Mr
Groves's, a mile further on, and re-
turn to camp.

Afternoon fall into ranks, and
fire off our guns. My horse very
hard to manage. Mr Bumgard-
ner arrives from Churchville. Our
tents are on the road.

Wednesday, June 26th.—Rain.
Ordered to Buckhannon, I sup-
pose, with four or five companies
of infantry, to secure subsistence.
At night picket on by-road.

Thursday, June 27.—In the eve-
ning the expedition returns to
Miller's with wagons filled.

Friday, June 28.—Get back to
camp. News comes that our
scouts have been fired upon. Cap-
tain takes twenty of us back. No
men hurt, only one horse. Supper
at Grove's; camp at bridge.

Saturday, 29th.—Spend day at
Bridge, and at night at 1 p. m. a
shot arouses all of us. Lurking
the woods, but no attack.

Sunday, June 30.—Clothing and
provisions arrive from Churchville,
three wagons. On camp guard in
a big rain.

July 1, 1861.—Our wagons are
ready to move out, our horses sad-
dled last night, expecting the en-
emy from the direction of Beverly.
Some skirmishing with Georgia in
fantry.

July 10th, 1861.—Early in the
morning took a long scout with
Sergeant Willson. The very still-
ness in the air presages danger for
us, but not a human being in sight
during the long ride. Returning
to Dr. Hilleary's, dismounted, and
sat down in porch. I went into
front room to write a letter. In a
short time Willson called to me
that enemy was in sight. Quickly
I slipped out on the porch. The
advance infantry, in battle line,
was advancing rapidly. Turning
into the road to get my horse, a
volley, the bullets singing over-
head. We raced to headquarters
with the news.

Our company ordered back to
top of the mountain—McClanlan's
army occupying our vacated camp
at night.

July 11, 1861.—All excitement.
Some 250 infantry up from foot of
mountain; later one piece of artil-
lery. Enemy strong; has flanked
and strikes us hard from higher
ground. Our company is order-
ed to take shelter in front of Hart
House. Our infantry almost faces
us across the road. Some slight
breast-works hurriedly made. The
single gun placed near the crest,
fearfully exposed.

The enemy's volleys begin with
regularity bullets singing over-
head cutting the leaves several feet
above the infantry at first. Then
our little gun begins to talk, our
only hope. Every man at that
gun killed or disabled. Brave De-
land crawls to the gun, fires one
last shot. All is over. The brave
infantry now overwhelmed, gives
way. When we dash out to take
the road toward Beverly I find my
self the last horseman to get out.
From a volley one bullet strikes
my horse, one strikes my bridle-
hand—very slight but painful. My
horse in his madness refused